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**The strongest of all Government is that  
which is most free.**

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**AN ADDRESS  
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE  
UNITED STATES,  
BY  
LUCY KENNEY.**

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## ADDRESS.

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One fire more, and the day is ours. Rome once boasted of her Curtius, Athens of Achilles, and Sparta her band of patriots; but the man who is to bring back our institutions to their native purity and excellence, Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, of Ohio, I will not say he shall wear an earthly crown, but eternal fame shall wreath an evergreen around his brow, and his name shall be ranked among the proudest patriots of the proudest climes. Let the present party leaders remember that in November next we will shout the harvest home; until then, the tares may grow with the wheat; then the reapers will cast in sickle, and the granary will be cleansed. Such a winnowing and sifting in separating the chaff from the wheat, has never been seen before, while the unbroken chorus will swell in anthems that will reverberate from Maine to Georgia,

Spread the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea,  
Harrison is President, and the people are free.

The tide is setting against the Administration, and it now tries to divert it by an alarm of war. That alarm will be ruinous to Van. He cannot conduct the government so as to promote the interest of the people in time of peace, and what confidence could we have in him in time of war. He don't know a sword from a hand-saw. He is general-in-chief, and in three years he cannot whip 500 Indians in Florida. The truth is, the people have been so harrassed with debt, embarrassment and confusion of all business, that they want a change of men and a change of measures—they now go for a change because a change can do no harm and may do much good—they now go for a change, as things have got to that pass, that they the people know that any change will be, must be, for the better. They have put the Harrison ball in motion, and it will knock down their wooden ninepin colonels at Washington. Harrison's march is onward, and his success cannot be arrested. He is one of the people—identified in feeling with them, and they with him, he is their friend, because he loves them, and they him; because he has fought with them the battles of his country—they know that his heart, his hand, his purse and his house have always been open to them—and

on the fourth of March, eighteen hundred and forty-one, they will in return open with grateful hearts their white house at Washington, and invite him to take possession of it, and will give the little Mischief Maker his passport to Kinderhook. The people want the Government brought back to the good days of James Monroe, when peace, plenty and prosperity were felt in every portion of the Union. The abuse of Garrison, because he is a poor man, will do him no injury.

The knapsack pillow'd Harry's head,  
The hard ground eased his toils;  
While Martin on his downy bed,  
Could dream of naught but spoils.  
And shall the blue lights rule the free?  
Shall Freedom's star decline?  
Forbid it, Heaven, forbid it, ye  
Who led in old Lang Syne.

Is Garrison one whit the worse,  
Because he'd not secure,  
As Martin did, a long full purse,  
But went from office poor?  
And does the low log cabin hearth  
Unfit old Tip to shine?  
Did no log homes give nobles birth  
In days of old Lang Syne?

What though the Heroe's hard huge paws  
Were wont to plough and sow,  
Does that disgrace our sacred cause?  
Does that disgrace him? No.  
Whig farmers are our Nation's nerve,  
Its very spine,  
They'll never swerve, they did not swerve  
In days of old Lang Syne.

No ruffled shirt, no silken hose,  
No airs does Tip display;  
But like the pith of worth, he goes  
In homespun hoddern grey.  
Upon his board there ne'er appeared  
The costly, sparkling wine;  
But plain hard cider, such a cheer  
In days of old Lang Syne.

Connecticut has raised her heel,  
Tip's tory foes to bruise,  
And keenly do their vitals feel  
The tread of Jersey blues,  
November next will give the blow,  
Hard, final, and condign;  
A blow like that which snapped the yoke  
In days of old Lang Syne.

Yes, Tip must grace the big white house,  
 Alas, for groom and cook;  
 And Van on cabbage stalks must browse,  
 At home, sweet Kinderhook.  
 Thrice hail, old Tip, log cabin Tip,  
 Hard cider Tip, to you  
 The helm we give, hail noble ship.  
 The land, the port's in view.

He was an unlucky politician who undertook to injure General Harrison in the public opinion, by saying that he was a poor old man, who lived in a log cabin, and had nothing better to drink than hard cider—mark the contrast: a description of Van's regal pomp and splendor—his equipage is the most magnificent that dashes through the avenue of the Metropolis of the Union; his table is such, no poor man dare approach it—decked out in all the ornaments that the richest jewelry can produce; the centre is garnished with a pyramid of fantastic finery, and a complete service of silver plate has recently been added to the furniture of the white house, to dazzle the visitors. This service comprises knives, forks and spoons, gold dishes and urns of gold. Who can wonder that the court sycophants with Timon's silver on their lips, should sneer at log cabins and hard cider. The delegates from Crawford county presented to the Columbus Convention a large American Eagle, with a request that it should be presented to General Harrison, at the same time expressing a wish that it should become an inmate of his log cabin and a pensioner upon his bounty, it being the same Bird of Liberty that was seen waving its wings in triumph over the flag that bore its image at the memorable seige of Fort Meigs; for it is well known that in the hottest of that engagement, and amid the loudest roar of cannon, an Eagle was desctried flapping its wings over the Americans, which they looked upon as a glorious omen of coming victory. This Eagle was caught in the immediate vicinity of the battle ground above referred to.

The Eagle was carried by Capt. Story, whose courage at the Battle of Tippecanoe the General highly exalted. Major C. D. Clarkson, who fought at Fort Meigs, presented it, with a most interesting and appropriate address, to General Harrison, to which the General made an immediate, off-handed, beautiful and eloquent reply; the General remarked that he thanked his friends of Crawford county for the present they were so obliging as to send him; their request should be attended to; he would keep the Eagle un-

til he could see the country restored to its liberty, either by this or any other Administration, until men could go to the polls and exercise the Elective franchise without fear or compulsion; by office holders or others, until the people of this country could be free and independent, and the Legislation of the country should be left to be done by the legislators and not the Executive; then, and not till then, would he give the bird its freedom, that it might wing its way to its native air, and perch itself upon the tree of Liberty, and be indeed the true ensign of our country's standard.

And where Van Buren, where and when,  
 Did he lead on the brave,  
 Or raise his voice or wield his sword,  
 Or open his purse to save;  
 While Harrison gave fight he styled the war  
 Disastrous and malling,  
 And richly earned a coat of tar,  
 As tories did Lang Syne.

Let those who love sub-treasury charms,  
 Hard work and little pay,  
 Closed working-shops and mortgaged farms,  
 Extol King Martin's sway;  
 But we have gallantly affirmed  
 We will not rest supine,  
 The names of those who made us free,  
 In days of old Lang Syne.

The blessings of thousands of women and children, rescued from the scalping knife of the ruthless savage of the wilderness, and from the still more savage Proctor, rests upon Harrison and his gallant army,

Colonel Richard M. Johnson gives his opinion of General Harrison in the following remarks: General Harrison is the son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who spent the greater part of his fortune in redeeming the pledge he gave of his fortune, life, and sacred honor, to secure the Liberty of his country. Of the career of General Harrison I need not speak. The history of the West is his history. For forty years he has been identified with its interests, its perils and its hopes. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and distinguished by his ability in the councils of his country, he has been yet more illustriously distinguished in the field. During the late war he was longer in active service than any other general officer—he was perhaps oftener in action than any of them, and never sustained a defeat. The victory of the Thames was not more honorable in its character than important in

its consequences—it terminated the war on the north-western frontier, which during fifteen months had been drenched in and stained with crimes, thousands of the most patriotic sons of the West having fallen victims to its ravages and disasters. The savage war yell was heard no more, and the frightful tomahawk no longer reeked with the blood of innocence, infancy and age.

His country assailed in the darkest of days,  
To her rescue impatient he flew;  
The war-whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,  
But awakened old Tippecanoe.

Yet wise in the council as brave in the field,  
His country still asked for his aid;  
And the birth of young empires his wisdom revealed,  
The sage and the statesman displayed.

His country recalls the bold chieftain she loves,  
The sword of old Tip she reclaims,  
And victory heralds wherever he moves,  
The path of the Hero of Thames.

The policy of the party now in power—a power which they have found shaken to its very centre—developes itself with such facility that it does not require any penetration to discover the apprehensions which there assailed Kendall, whose superior sagacity has always preceded the rest, and one with the other partisan were willing to stake all their future hopes of aggrandisement is the first to back out. As the sagacious old fox well knows he will have to back out, I would recommend the rest of the spoils party to emulate so wise and timely a hint—as they considered him their polar star and oracle, to follow him in evil as well as good. They have humbugged the people so long, they seem to think they can still practice the same impositions on them. Kendall, I thought, would have been the last that would have been driven from his post; but he has wisely taken warning from the hand writing on the wall, which all of the party ought to do—thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting; oh, that they wert wise, that they would understand the signs of the times and make as hasty a retreat from office as he has pretended. Mark the policy of him—he says he has resigned, but is willing to hold the office until there is another appointment made. It is well understood there will be no other appointment made till after the election, waiting to know how it will preponderate; and if the party is out, which I think is certain, Kendall then resigns, and not till then. As much as I am op-

posed to the party in power, with the exception of the Vice President and the Secretary of War, I would not have forsaken them, nor have wielded a pen against them, had they not have been so ungrateful to the honest and conspicuous patriotism of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, a man so far superior to the present Executive in all things except policy, for which he has been celebrated for one which Gen. Jackson once said should be our next President, a man of profound judgment, a patriot and statesman, and one by far too honest to be classed with the party, with the exception of Mr. Poinsett, honest by too much for the party whose sanctions sometimes wound their feelings when contrasting it with them, and for which they have been manœuvring for a long time to get clear of, for the next Vice Presidency, by bringing in the Secretary of State or Polk in his place. But they will find neither will be elected. If Mr. Van Buren is elected, what objection can they have to Colonel Richard M. Johnson, that they wish to displace him for either of the above-mentioned candidates, except they well know the Colonel is too honest, and won't wink at their duplicity—they can have no other objection. Colonel Johnson ought to have preceded Mr. Van Buren. If he had not supplanted him in the favor of General Jackson, which was the only recommendation he had to the favor of the people, not being satisfied with sharing the first favor of the General, and being willing to execute all the influence he had acquired for him, and being willing the Colonel should share with him the chance for the next Presidency. By resigning in favor of him, he wishes to bring in his favorite, the Secretary of State, with the vain hope that he will succeed him for the next share of public favor; but such expectations are fruitless and vain. I would recommend them to make a virtue of necessity, and come out with as much pretended resignation as Amos Kendall has, but with more sincerity.

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The strongest of all government is that which is most free.

But take a retrospective view of our country, in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, you know that wise and good men mourned, firm men faltered, at their country's disgrace. But I think it is high time for honest, wise, and candid men, to gather all their strength, and Hercules-like, put their shoulders to the wheels of the government, and ouse the Cossacks from the field, then we would have high wages for the mechanic, good markets for all the productions of the earth, plenty would once more crown our bor-

der, contentment would hover around our fireside, we would once more be under our fig tree, and no man in office to make us afraid to complain, however so great our grievance might be; all our complicated differences with European nations happily adjusted; treasury, though not a sub-treasury, overflowing; perhaps not a speck of war to soil the purity of our political horizon, we would soon arrive to the moral grandeur reached by ancient Rome, when it was a sufficient passport to favor, a sufficient evidence from corporal punishment, to say, "I am a Roman citizen"—our commercial marine would navigate every sea, our canvass flutter to every breeze, and the star spangled banner saluted wherever it waves its stripes: for praising and applauding, where I think praise is due, General Garrison, a man of a lion's heart and firm nerve, under whose happy auspices all those blessings will come on us, if we are so wise and fortunate as to get him.

Should the friends of General Garrison and Mr. Clay be so fortunate in getting clear of the present incumbrance, as Mr. Clay is considered the greatest statesman since the days of Patrick Henry, the first man whose undaunted and unsubdued soul dared in those dark days which tried the souls of men to their heart's core, to pronounce in the midst of an assembly of patriots, with willing hearts, but weak hands and feeble knees, and scanty means, to accomplish so desired an end, which we have so long enjoyed, that America was no longer a British colony, but a free and independent country, which was echoed back with ready voices, but trembling hearts. Mr. Clay is the only one now living that can be brought in competition with Patrick Henry—the administration taunts us with being man worshippers, but we will treat such imputations as they deserve, with scorn and contempt; we will not be harnessed to General Garrison's car, nor will we wear the livery of any man, but we will be free, independent freemen, ours is the sky, and what birds we chose we will let our falcons fly. General Garrison will live respected and honored in the history of his country; he will live in story and song; he will live in marble and brass, and in the hearts of his countrymen—let every true democrat and whig, not your self-interested democrats of thirty-seven, but whigs of seventy-six and ninety-eight, raise monuments of marble and monuments of brass to his memory, that they may fire the emulation of posterity to obtain such honors for themselves, for their patriotic and heroic deeds, and they may not accuse them of ingratitude, but point to their memorials, and say,

Such honors Illion to her heroes paid,  
And peaceful sleep the mighty Hector's shade.

Being in Philadelphia, at the North American Hotel, in Chesnut street, now called the Union, kept by Mr. Jones, on the morning of the last election for Van Buren and Harrison, I observed from the parlor window, opposite the arcade, from which hung the full length portrait of General Harrison, whose venerable and commanding figure was truly imposing. At the distance of one square hung General Jackson, the hero of New Orleans—underneath hung little Van, who at that time had no influence with the people but what he derived from being sheltered beneath the shadow of General Jackson's wing, and under which he has been fostered too long already—it is high time for the people to awake from the lethargy which has infatuated them, it is high time to divest themselves of their self love of power. I would not pay them so poor a compliment, as to say they are not capable of discerning the vast difference in the abilities of Van Buren and General Harrison, and the glorious change which will be the result of a change of administration, I leave it for them to experience; but the case is simply this, the administration party have held the reins so long that it has almost amounted to a hereditary government; and they well know, that if they once let the reins slip out of their hands, much would be the glory which would result from it, and though they would be infinitely the gainer, they prefer being scourged by the party in power, hoping for a change against hope. Our Divine Master, the Heavenly Teacher, told the blind Scribes and Pharisees that light had come unto the world, but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil, that they would not come to the light for fear their deeds would be reproved. As it was in spiritual things in that day, so it is now in moral and political things—the party still cling to the party in power, with the same devotion which has so long infatuated them—but the time is now at hand to dispel their delusion. General Harrison having been nominated for the presidency, almost every State has pledged to support him. We must wilfully shut our eyes, stiffen our necks, and harden our hearts and understandings, if we won't allow that he will be elected. The western wing will never yield up the claims of General Harrison; they who have shared with him the toils, the dangers, and honors of a successful campaign—with such a prize in view, the friends of Mr. Clay willingly concentra-

ted their strength when that sacrifice is to operate for the good of their country. Few, if any great men, but what have been misrepresented; but in the case of General Garrison, not even the rancour and venom of party spirit have dared to assail his private character—it stands as pure as the unsullied snow on the mountain top, having for its muniment the mountain adamant. Though honesty is a quality which is not always found in the hearts of ambitious, aspiring men, but grows in all its fragrance in the unambitious, unpretending hearts of the industrious and sturdy yeomanry of the land. But General Garrison is emphatically the man of the people—he has been nominated by a convention, and has been chosen by a large majority, composed of delegates from the people, and unsurpassed in intelligence, talents, and devotion to the cause of true republicanism, by a reflecting body, that have assembled, and after mature consideration, given their preference to him whom the people had already shown in the most unequivocal manner to be the man of their choice—most heartily should the true friends of democratic and republican principles congratulate themselves throughout the country upon this most anxious result. I congratulate them that they now have a candidate upon whom they can all unite—one who will heal all disunion, and restore to us in every sense of the word, an honest and upright man—and above all, one who can and will be elected. That he is a favorite in every section of the country, can be easily shown—almost every State, as far as I have had an opportunity of knowing, has at one time or another declared its attachment to his venerated name, even when a preference may have been shown to a local candidate. General Garrison is the only one who in the present state of affairs can unite every party of the Union, and the only one, with the exception of Mr. Clay, who could have been nominated with the same prospect of success; his public services, his military success, and above all, his well known and sterling integrity, ought to endear him to the great mass of the people throughout the Union, though he has never been the chosen of the politicians and party leaders of the present Administration, but the moment his name was presented to the people for their suffrage, he was received by them with an enthusiasm unexampled, as well as unexpected, although nominated in the first instance more as a compliment than with any expectation that he could be elected. Van Buren was fostered under the wing of General Jackson, a name to

which my heart's warmest affections will always cling with sincere and unfeigned affection; whose name ought always be upheld with the illustrious Washington. Travelling a few years ago, in the cars, from Philadelphia to Washington, while Congress was in full session. and during the full tide of General Jackson's popularity, the question was put to me by a very distinguished general, who I knew well was not favorably disposed towards the General, which I thought the greatest man, General Washington or General Jackson? I replied, I thought them equally great in their day; for General Washington had been the saviour of his country, and General Jackson had been the preserver of it. Though I am an opposer of Mr. Van Buren and his measures, though he promised to carry out the measures of General Jackson, he is as far behind General Jackson in political measures as he is in sterling merit; and as I have observed that I am opposed to Mr. Van Buren and his office holders and office seekers, I am still and ever shall be devoted to General Jackson. His military character and his private principles being of a different temperament from Mr. Van Buren. The one is high-minded, honorable, and chivalric; one which the crown of Great Britain could not bribe to be otherwise than the upright patriot, the honest man, which is the noblest work of God. The other little groveling and intriguing one, ever since he entered the field of politics, has availed himself of every political hobby by which he could ride himself into power.

Unfurl the broad banner once more,  
And rally around it in your might,  
The destructives with sadness the hour shall deplore,  
When Harrison and Tyler lead on the fight.

Let New York take the van, for the empire state  
Has shown that she never will yield to the foe;  
Let the rest act as bravely, as noble and great,  
The power of the tyrant soon shall be laid low.

Let the watchword be union, of all who desire,  
From the grasp of the spoilers their country to save,  
May they who profess to fight only for hire,  
Be routed where'er the Whig standard shall wave.

Our cause is a just one, our leaders are true,  
The locos already begin to despair,  
They know that if led by old Tippecanoe,  
The hero, the statesman, we've nothing to fear.

Then unfurl the broad banner of freedom once more,  
And throw it aloft towards its own native haven,  
Let it float there in pride, 'till the conquest is o'er,  
And the Vandals and Goths from the capital driven.

LUCY KENNEY.





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